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Miscellany.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

CAIN—A MYSTERY.

BY LORD BYRON.

We have perused many books in our time, aimed by the infidel philosopher and the atheistical bard at the strong holds of the Christian faith: Toland and Berkley as well as Paine and Shelley it has been *not* our misfortune to read, because their arguments and their blasphemies have passed by us as the idle wind which we regard not, or rather have confirmed us in the better doctrines of Newton, Jones, the wise and the good of all ages; but a more direct, more dangerous, or more frightful production, than this miscalled Mystery, it never has been our lot to encounter. God forbid that we should impute it to the author that his intention was to aim at the subversion of all religious principle; but we must say, if such had been his purpose, he could not have laboured with greater ingenuity, diligence and perversion to effect his object:

'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.

Lord Byron either was sensible of this, or had some kind of presentiment that such would be the impression on a large proportion of readers; for in his preface he tries to palliate the offence in a way peculiar to himself, that is, by an apology so like a jest, that it may be taken according to the dictates of fancy, as an excuse or as an aggravation.* He tells us

* In the same style and with the like skilful parry, he treats the charge of plagiarism. "With the poems upon similar topics, (he says) I have not been recently familiar. Since I was twenty, I have never read Milton; but I had read him so frequently before, that this may make little difference. Gesner's 'Death of Abel' I have never read since I was eight years of age, at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is delight; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza.—In the following pages I have called them 'Adah' and 'Zillah,' the earliest female names

“With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness.

“If he disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the Serpent, it is only because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to any thing of the kind, but merely to the Serpent in his serpentine capacity.”

Milton, a master genius among the brightest of immortal bards—Milton, into the opposite scale with whom Lord Byron has had the boldness to thrust himself upon this occasion, did not try to make *his* Lucifer “talk like a clergyman,” or to “restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness:” and why? because he felt the loftiness of his theme; because he knew it would be not merely derogatory but contemptible to make “arch-angel fallen” approach in language to the paltry idea suggested by Lord Byron; because, in fine, his imagination grasped the grandeur and immensity of his subject, and his elevated draught of the character was consonantly splendid, while that of his successor presents only the portrait of a miserable fiend, resembling a wicked man in his sophistry, impiety, and blasphemy. It is in this *poetical fall* from Milton to Byron, that the mischief and odiousness of the new production lies. In the one it is the Prince of Darkness who speaks and acts in a manner becoming his still mighty though degraded nature; in the other (except one passage which we subjoin*), it is the quibbling demon, “the least erected spirit that fell from hea-

which occur in Genesis; they were those of Lamech’s wives: those of Cain and Abel are not called by their names. Whether, then, a coincidence of subject may have caused the same in expression, I know nothing, and care as little.” We shall have some remarks to make on these points hereafter.—ED.

* *Cain*. Haughty Spirit!

Thou speak’st it proudly; but thyself, though proud,
Hast a superior.

Lucifer. No! By Heaven, which He
Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity
Of worlds and life, which I hold with him—No!
I have a victor—true; but no superior.
Homage he has from all—but none from me:
I battle it against him, as I battled
In highest heaven. Through all eternity,
And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,
And the interminable realms of space,
And the infinity of endless ages,
All, all, will I dispute! And world by world,
And star by star, and universe by universe
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,
Which it ne’er shall, till he or I be quenched!
And what can quench our immortality,
Or mutual and irrevocable hate?

ven," who repeats the stale arguments of mortal sceptics, on the original cause of evil and the punishment of inherited sin. Of plagiarism from such a prototype as *Paradise Lost*, the later author is in no danger of being accused for Cain; they are very different works;—for Milton was a Levite worthy to touch the altar, a priest whose officiating prevented and did not bring down plague upon the people; Byron is the stranger forbidden to meddle with holy things, the Uzzah to be smitten for daring but to put forth his hand unto the Ark.

BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

The Third Century after the Birth of Christ.

(Continued from p. 152.)

The third century was eminently distinguished by the learned and critical labours of Origen, Pamphilus, Eusebius of Cæsa-rea, and other learned and pious writers. Origen's *Hexapla*, or Collation of the Septuagint Version, is his grand work: Montfaucon supposes it must originally have made 50 volumes: his Vindication of Christianity against Celsus, the Epicurean, is also a celebrated production.

"In the collation of the Septuagint, he laboured with indefatigable industry, and having acquired a perfect knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, and purchased from the Jews the original (perhaps the *Autograph of Ezra*,) or most authentic copies of the Hebrew Scriptures; and having also obtained a correct copy of the Septuagint, or Greek version, he transcribed them, and placed them in parallel columns. In the *first* column was the Hebrew text in Hebrew characters; in the *second*, the same text in Greek characters. In other columns, he placed the Septuagint, and other Greek translations, particularly those of Aquila, and of Symmachus, and Theodotion, two Ebionite Christians. The differences between the Hebrew copies and the Septuagint, were noted by various marks. The name *Hexapla*, or *Sextuple*, was derived from the *six* principal Greek versions employed in the collation. Some fragments excepted, this work has been long irrecoverably lost. All that could be gathered from the works of the ancients, was collected and published A. D. 1713, by Montfaucon, in two volumes, folio.

"An ancient MS. of the book of Genesis, written in Greek capitals, was brought from Philippi by two Greek bishops, who presented it to king Henry VIII. telling him, at the same time, that tradition reported it to have been Origen's *own book*. Queen Elizabeth gave it to Sir John Fortescue, her preceptor in Greek, who placed it in the Cottonian Library, now in the

British Museum. Archbishop Usher considered it as the oldest manuscript in the world: and although it is impossible to ascertain whether this book belonged to Origen, or not, it is probably the oldest manuscript in England, perhaps in Europe; unless it be supposed with Matthai, that the copy of the gospels preserved at Moscow, is more ancient, which is at least very doubtful. It was almost destroyed by a fire, which happened in the library, in the year 1731."

Pamphilus, a presbyter of Cæsarea, is remarkable, besides his learning and Christianity, for being the founder, perhaps, of circulating libraries, and the prototype of religious tract societies. He erected (or rather enlarged) the library of Cæsarea, which, according to Isidore of *Seville*, contained 30,000 volumes. This collection seems to have been made merely for the good of the church, and to *lend out* to religiously-disposed people. St. Jerom particularly mentions his collecting books for the purpose of *lending them to be read*."

It is memorable that MSS. transcribed from books in this library, or compared with them, are still in existence among the royal stores at Paris.

Eusebius, who followed close on his friend the martyred Pamphilus, has been justly styled the father of Ecclesiastical History. His history begins at the birth of our Lord, and comes down to the defeat of Licinus. His Evangelical Demonstration is the fountain of all the arguments in support of the credibility and divine authority of the Christian religion.

"Lucian, a presbyter of Antioch, and Hesychius, an Egyptian bishop, flourished about the same period, and are deservedly ranked amongst the Biblical scholars of that age." These severally revised the Septuagint, and from the three editions by Origen and them, are derived all the manuscript copies now known to be extant.

During this century various superstitions insinuated themselves into the Christian church. "One of the abuses thus introduced was BIBLIOMANCY, or *Divination by the Bible*. This kind of divination was named SORTES SANCTORUM, or SORTES SACRÆ, *Lots of the Saints*, or *Sacred Lots*; and consisted in suddenly opening, or dipping into the Bible, and regarding the passage that first presented itself to the eye, as predicting the future lot of the inquirer. The *Sortes Sanctorum* succeeded the *Sortes Homericæ*, and *Sortes Virgilianæ* of the Pagans, among whom it was customary to take the work of some famous poet, as Homer or Virgil, and write out different verses on separate scrolls, and afterwards draw one of them; or else, opening the book suddenly, consider the first verse that presented itself, as a prognostication of future events. Even the vagrant fortune-tellers among them, like some of the gipsies of

our own times, adopted this method of imposing upon the credulity of the ignorant. The nations of the East still retain this practice. The late Persian usurper, Nadir Shah, twice decided upon besieging cities, by opening upon verses of the celebrated poet Hafiz."

In the 12th century this mode was adopted to discover heretics; and even bishops and other dignitaries were elected by it so late as 1744. "This usage," (says our author) "was not confined to the Latins, it was equally adopted by the Greeks. Two facts may prove its existence, and injurious tendency. The first is that of Caracalla, archbishop of Nicomedia, who consecrated Athanasius on his nomination to the patriarchate of Constantinople, by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus. Having opened the books of the Gospels upon the words, 'For the devil and his angels,' the bishop of Nice first saw them, and adroitly turned over the leaf to another verse which was instantly read aloud, 'The birds of the air may come and lodge in the branches thereof.' But as this passage appeared to be irrelevant to so grave a ceremony, that which had first presented itself became known to the public almost insensibly. To diminish the unpleasant impression it had produced, the people were reminded, that on a similar occasion, another archbishop of Constantinople had accidentally met with a circumstance equally unpropitious, by lighting upon the words, 'There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,' and yet his episcopate had been neither less happy nor less tranquil than formerly. The historian, nevertheless, remarks, that whatever had been the case under former archbishops, the church of Constantinople was violently agitated by the most fatal divisions during the patriarchate of Athanasius. The other instance is that of the metropolitan of Chersonesus, the first prelate consecrated by Theophanes, after his translation from the metropolitan see of Cyzicus to the patriarchate of Constantinople, and who having received the book of the Gospels at his hands, and opened it, according to custom, met with these words, 'If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch,' which were regarded by the public as prognosticating evil to both the patriarch and the metropolitan."

"Nearly allied to the practice of Bibliomancy, was the use of *Amulets* or *Charms*, termed PERIAPTA, and PHYLACTERIA, and sometimes LIGATURÆ, and LIGATIONES. They were formed of ribands, with sentences of scripture written upon them, and hung about the neck, as magical preventives of evil. They were worn by many of the Christians in the earlier ages, but considered by the wisest and most holy of the bishops and clergy, as disgraceful to religion, and deserving the severest reprehension."

"These Phylacteries of the Christians, were most probably derived from the TEPHILIM, or Phylacteries of the Jews.

"The Jewish PHYLACTERIES were small slips of parchment or vellum, on which certain portions of the LAW were written, enclosed in cases of *black calf skin*, and tied about the forehead and left arm. The Jews considered them as a divine ordinance, and founded their opinion on Exodus xiii. 9, and similar passages."

But at the same time schools and genuine Christian libraries multiplied, and preserved the scriptures.

"The libraries formed by the early Christians were generally placed in the churches, in which were *Cubicula*, or rooms appropriated to the use of those who were desirous of retirement and meditation. These *Cubicula* or *Secretaria*, as they were sometimes called, were erected with the church; one being generally placed on the right side of it, and another on the left. The Sacred Writings were preserved in one of them, and the sacramental utensils in the other." * * *

"In the *third century* also, a distinct order of PUBLIC READERS of the Sacred Scriptures began to be generally established in the Churches. Their office was to read the scriptures to the congregation from the *Pulpitum* or reading-desk, in the body of the church. The office was accounted an honourable one, and was sometimes held by *Confessors*, as those were denominated who had avowed their attachment to the gospel in the face of the greatest dangers, and in the presence of the enemies of Christianity. Sometimes also young persons, who had been dedicated to the service of God from their infancy, were permitted to officiate as readers." * * *

"INTERPRETERS were established in the church at about the same period, whose business it was to render one language into another, as there was occasion, both in reading the scriptures, and in the homilies addressed to the people."

The dreadful persecution under Dioclesian, closed the events of this century, so important to Christianity. The first English martyr, St. Alban, suffered at Verulam, and Egypt, and Syria, Greece, &c. were steeped with the blood of tens of thousands, who preferred death to the shame of parting with their sacred books and their faith. Some of these martyrs could repeat the entire Bible by heart: upon which Mr. T. adds the following remarkable instance:

"The *tenaciousness of memory*, exhibited by these ancient worthies, is almost without parallel in ancient or modern times, except in that prodigy of memory, the late Rev. Thomas Threlkeld, of Rochdale, Lancashire. He was a perfect living concordance to the English scriptures. If three words only were mentioned, except perhaps those words of mere connexion,

which occur in hundreds of passages, he could immediately, without hesitation, assign the *chapter* and *verse* where they were to be found. And, inversely, upon mentioning the chapter and verse, he could repeat the *words*. This power of retention enabled him, with ease, 'to make himself master of many languages. Nine, or ten, it is certainly known that he read: not merely without difficulty, but with profound and critical skill. It is affirmed, by a friend who lived near him, and was in the habit of intimacy with him, that he was familiarly acquainted with every language in which he had a Bible, or New Testament.' After his decease I had an opportunity of examining his library, and noticed Bibles, or New Testaments, in English, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Welsh, Dutch, Swedish, Gaelic, and Manks; besides Grammars, &c. in other languages. In the Greek Testament, his powers of immediate reference and quotation were similar to those he possessed in the English translation; since he could in a moment produce every place in which the same word occurred, in any of its forms, or affinities. In the Hebrew, with its several dialects, he was equally, that is, most profoundly skilled; and it is believed, that his talent of immediate reference was as great here as in the Greek, or even in the English."

(*To be continued.*)

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.

(Continued from p. 160.)

Lord D—— placed before me a most magnificent breakfast. It was really so; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent—from being the first regular meal, the first "good man's table," that I had sate down to for months. Strange to say, however, I could scarcely eat any thing. On the day when I first received my 10*l.* bank-note, I had gone to a baker's shop and bought a couple of rolls: this very shop I had two months or six weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was almost humiliating to me to recollect. I remembered the story about Otway; and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But I had no need for alarm, my appetite was quite sunk, and I became sick before I had eaten half of what I had bought. This effect from eating what approached to a meal, I continued to feel for weeks: or, when I did not experience any nausea, part of what I ate was rejected, sometimes with acidity, sometimes immediately, and without any acidity. On the present occasion, at Lord D——'s table, I found myself not at all better than usual: and, in the midst of luxuries, I had no appetite. I had, however, unfortunately at

all times a craving for wine: I explained my situation, therefore, to Lord D——, and gave him a short account of my late sufferings, at which he expressed great compassion, and called for wine. This gave me a momentary relief and pleasure; and on all occasions when I had an opportunity, I never failed to drink wine—which I worshipped then as I have since worshipped opium. I am convinced, however, that this indulgence in wine contributed to strengthen my malady; for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk; but by a better regimen it might sooner, and perhaps effectually, have been revived. I hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighbourhood of my Eton friends: I persuaded myself *then* that it was from reluctance to ask of Lord D——, on whom I was conscious I had not sufficient claims, the particular service in quest of which I had come to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and—I asked it. Lord D——, whose good nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion perhaps for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with some of his relatives, than by an over rigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money-lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connexions. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of ——, would avail with my unchristian friends. However, he did not wish, as it seemed, to mortify me by an absolute refusal: for after a little consideration, he promised, under certain conditions, which he pointed out, to give his security. Lord D—— was at this time not eighteen years of age: but I have often doubted, on recollecting since the good sense and prudence which on this occasion he mingled with so much urbanity of manner, (an urbanity which in him wore the grace of youthful sincerity,) whether any statesman—the oldest and the most accomplished in diplomacy—could have acquitted himself better under the same circumstances. Most people, indeed, cannot be addressed on such a business, without surveying you with looks as austere and unpropitious as those of a Saracen's head.

Recomforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best, but far above the worst that I had pictured to myself as possible, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it. And now I come to the end of my story: the Jews did not approve of Lord D——'s terms; whether they would in the end have acceded to them, and were only seeking time for making due inquiries, I know not; but many delays were made—time passed on—the small fragment of my

bank note had just melted away; and before any conclusion could have been put to the business, I must have relapsed into my former state of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, at this crisis, an opening was made, almost by accident, for reconciliation with my friends. I quitted London in haste, for a remote part of England: after some time, I proceeded to the university; and it was not until many months had passed away, that I had it in my power again to revisit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings.

Meantime, what had become of poor Ann? For her I have reserved my concluding words: according to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I staid in London, at the corner of Titchfield-street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her; and, during the last hours of my stay in London, I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered at last some account which she had given me of ill treatment from her landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintance; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter, or their slight regard; and others, thinking that I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clue to her, if, indeed, they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Ann by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to — in — shire, at that time the residence of my family. But, to this hour, I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction. If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps, even within a few feet of each other—a barrier no wider in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years, I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrheterical use of the word *myriad*, I may say that on my different visits to London, I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for, though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now

I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer; but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave; in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

NO. I.

Ev'n now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend. GOLDSMITH.

WE arrived at Orbe, from Dijon, by way of Salins and Pontarlier—a road full of beauty, and a worthy introduction to this lovely Pays de Vaud. A few leagues from Dijon, about Auxonne, as we drove along the plains near the Saone, we first saw the bold blue outlines of the Jura; and at Salins we entered into one of its deep valleys, with all the picturesque accompaniments of fir forests and impending mountains. We had now fairly turned our backs on the tame mediocrity of French landscape, and though the post-book told us we were in the *Departement du Jura*, the forests, the mountains, the glens, the streams, the pastoral cottages, assured us we were on the verge of Switzerland. Nothing can be finer than the drive from Pontarlier to Orbe. Pontarlier is situated in a rich plain of pasture watered by the Doubs. The wooded barrier of the Jura rises majestically above the town, and the high road runs through a pass between perpendicular rocks so narrow as to have been formerly shut in by gates, the posts of which still remain. On the cliff on one side is perched the fortress of Joux beetling over the road. Here Toussaint L'Ouverture was confined by Napoleon, and died of cold, hunger, and grief. The rock is almost inaccessible, and admirably adapted for the site of a frontier fortress. Nothing but a refinement in oppressive cruelty could select the fortress for a state prison. A soft green valley, sunk deep between mountains rising abruptly and richly clothed with the deep green of the fir, now afforded us a passage through the chain of the Jura. At the village of Balaigue we passed the frontier. An inspection of our passports by one of the *Gendarmerie Vaudoise*, with a sabre by his side, and *Liberté et Patrie*, the motto of the Canton, glittering on his helmet, somewhat disturbed the romantic illusions of the scene, and the associations connected with a pastoral republic. The drive by Balaigue and Montcharand to Orbe is one of the most lovely that can be conceived. Here it is that you first command a Swiss prospect, with all its luxuriant variety of mountain, forest, orchards, valleys, lakes, alps, and snows. The Lake of Geneva was obscured by the mists

of the evening, but the lake of Neufchatel lay bright and glittering below us. Orbe, though not a pretty town in itself, is one of the most pleasing that I know. The character of the neighbouring scenery has a smiling loveliness, and a teeming fertility, which I never saw equalled. The neatness of the villages, the cleanly respectability of the people, their large well-built cottages and farms, the beautiful pastures, vineyards, orchards that slope down to the romantic river Orbe, which alternately roars in cascades through rocks, and meanders through an expanse of meadow, the town with its steeples and old Roman towers on a vine-covered eminence above the river, the upland pastures of the Jura covered with flocks of cows and goats and studded with white *châlets*—add to this scene of beauty the black fir-clad ridge of the Jura above, the glittering lakes in the plains below, and the white broken majestic Alps glittering in the far horizon; and, perhaps, Nature can hardly supply a more enchanting scene of beauty and all-varied grace and luxuriance. A tone of retired peace and primitive repose reigns throughout the place. The old Swiss warrior of the 13th century, who stands on the fountain in the little market-place, looks as if he had lifted his stone sword without molestation for centuries. A fine beech-tree luxuriates on the walls of the gate of entrance, and the cascade formed by the Orbe, under the picturesque stone bridge, murmurs in harmony with the beauties of nature and the tranquil spirit of the place. The day after our arrival we went to dine with one of the old families of the country. The dinner was at one o'clock. The house and establishment had an air of respectability, and, without any indications of wealth or luxury, a certain air of gentlemanlike simplicity. Its inhabitants we found hospitable, simple, and well-informed. A veteran Swiss gentleman, an officer of rank in the Swiss guards, was particularly pleasing. Though his life had been half spent with his regiment at Paris, he was perfectly Swiss in character and manners; plain, unaffected, loyal, and sensible, attached in every thing to the *old regime*, eloquent on all matters of rural economy, crops, vintages, seasons, &c. much like an English country squire, with the exception of more of polish in his manners, and less of shrewdness in his conversation. In the evening (that is, at six o'clock) we accompanied our hospitable friends to a *soirée dansante*, at the house of a *Juge de paix* for the district—an officer of modern introduction since the suppression of the old aristocratic jurisdiction of Bailiffs, and the erection of the Pays de Vaud into an independent republican canton. Here we saw united all the *beau monde* of Orbe and the neighbourhood. Coffee, tea, liqueurs, delicious fruit, and home-made confectionary, were handed about in great abundance—not by liveried lacqueys, but by the neat handed Phyllises of the establishment. The old family-nurse, of portly dimensions, and adorned with a stately well-starched mob-cap, presided over the refectory and its administrators. A bright galaxy of Swiss mothers and daughters, dressed with simplicity and taste, encompassed the saloons; while the gentlemen, without any of the English display of silk stockings and pumps, occupied the centre of

the rooms in clusters, as they used of yore to do in London, and still do, we believe, in card-parties at two days' journey from the metropolis. A spacious temporary saloon was lighted up as a *salle de danse*, where waltzing, in all its varieties, was kept up with great spirit. The ladies appeared to be passionately fond of dancing, and many more married women, and women of "a certain age," were among the couples than are seen in an English ball. The *Juge de paix* was among the most conspicuous waltzers; and members of the "Grand Conseil," and Deputies to the Diet, did not disdain the pleasures of a ball. A rational, unpretending, and sociable mirth reigned in the entertainment, with an absence of all luxury and costly preparation which I never saw equalled in any society of equal rank in other countries. We took leave at midnight—no crush of carriages and servants blocked up the gateway. The moon had risen high above the Jura, and was glittering on the river Orbe which flowed close by the house; and the fair dancers regained their homes, after their simple amusement, by the lights of nature and a fine climate, without the aid of lamps or prancing horses.

We drove the other day to Val Orbe, three leagues from Orbe. No traveller who visits this part of Switzerland should neglect seeing this beautiful village, and the singular and lovely source of the Orbe in its neighbourhood. In our way we visited a cascade formed by the river Orbe, near the village of Ballaigne. The exquisite limpidness of the water, the grandeur of the rocks fringed and tufted with luxuriant brush-wood and beech saplings, the sequestered shades which embosom the foaming torrent, render this one of the most interesting waterfalls I have seen. At Ballaigne we left the carriage, and put ourselves under the guidance of a sturdy Swiss peasant, to conduct us to the cascade. The man was dressed in a greasy plush jerkin, a large straw hat, loose trowsers, no stockings, and shoes not weather-tight. He appeared civil and intelligent; and a Swiss gentleman, who accompanied us, seemed to pay him some deference. On returning from the cascade, and wishing him good morning, I begged him to take three francs for his trouble, which he declined with a civil and dignified bow. I soon learned my mistake, when our Swiss friend informed us that our Cicerone was no less a personage than a member of the Grand Council of the Canton de Vaud—a modern Cincinnatus, who mingles the labours of the field with the dignified functions of the senate. We had forgotten that we were now under a pastoral government. How far the crook and the forensic toga consort advantageously together, may perhaps be a question.

(To be continued.)

Variety.

Query. What quantity of blood is contained in the human body?—Ans. Thirty pounds. *Query.* How many bones are there in the human frame?—Ans. Two hundred and forty-eight.—(*Williams's Preceptor's Assistant.*)

Sturm calculates, that there are thousands of insects in a crumb of bread. And Malezieu says, he has *seen* living animalculæ twenty-seven millions of times smaller than mites! And, as life and light are concomitant ideas, Niewentyt has computed that, in a second of a minute, there escapes out of a burning candle particles of light ten millions of millions of times more than the number of the grains of sand computed to be contained in the whole earth.

Mr. Williams makes it appear that our coal will be exhausted in five hundred and fifty years! Nay, as they (the engineers) reckon on the thickness and depth of the seams of coal, should they turn out not so thick, nor so deep, as are calculated on, we may not hold out for four hundred years. It is very odd, land owners will not plant trees, which they might do, to meet this evil. Besides, this continual mining or excavation may, in time, give a pernicious inequality to the centre of gravity, so that the earth may get tilted.

Dr. Anderson says, "The mathematician can demonstrate, with the most decisive certainty, that no fly can light on this globe which we inhabit, without *communicating motion to it*; and he can ascertain, with the most accurate precision (if he choose to do,) what must be the exact amount of the motion so produced."

A little, modest, diffident clergyman, who was chaplain at Cronstadt, was dining one day at Mr. R——'s, a merchant at St. Petersburg, whose lady was somewhat fastidious, formal, and ceremonious, in the arrangement, cleanliness, and etiquette of her table. In endeavouring to help some one to fish-sauce, in his fidgetty trembling way, he actually let the butter-boat slip out of his hand, and its contents fell in part on the table. Bad! A part into a lady's wine that sat next to him. Worse! And the remainder into her plate, and over her rich dress. Horrible! horrible! horrible! It was too much for the patience of any woman. The hostess, frowning and biting her lips, was about to open upon the unfortunate Clericus, for his blundering unhandiness, when he, all embarrassment, and hot from top to toe, stammered out, How lucky it was it had not happened at Mrs. —, a lady well known in their circle to be much more straight-laced and particular in these things. This well-timed remark smoothed the brow of the lady; dimples and smiles succeeded to angry looks; his wit was admired, and the dreadful hole in his manners darned in a minute.

Tea.—A colony of Chinese established itself in Brazil soon after the king of Portugal fixed his residence there, and applied

to the cultivation of tea with so much success, that they have now three millions of trees in full bearing.

A Skull found in a Tree.—The English journals state, that a labourer in the county of Warwick, in cutting an old ash tree which he had felled, found in the heart of the log the cranium of an unknown animal. The wood that surrounded it was perfectly sound as well as the bark, and nothing apparent could lead to the conjecture how the skull could have been introduced. The cavity occupied by the skull was about four inches in diameter.

There were consumed in the city of Paris during the year 1819—of wine 805,499 hectolitres (each about $26\frac{1}{2}$ gallons); of brandy, 43,849; of beer, 71,896; and of vinegar, 20,756 hectolitres:—of beef, 77,298 head; calves, 67,719; and sheep, 329,070. The whole number of births in the city, 24,344; of whom 8,641 were *hors de marriage*. Of the whole births, 12,407 were boys, and 11,937 girls. The deaths amounted to 22,671. The number of marriages were 6,236; of which 5025 were between young men and young women, 315 between bachelors and widows, 671 between widowers and girls, and 225 between widowers and widows.

Literature.

Oxford University, Dec. 7.—The Rev. H. Milman, M.A. of Brasenose College, is elected Professor of Poetry, in the place of Rev. J. J. Connybeare. The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes for the ensuing year, viz. For Latin Verses, *Alpes ab Annibale superatae*. For an English Essay, *On the Study of Moral Evidence*. For a Latin Essay, *An re vera prævaluerit apud Eruditiores Antiquorum Polytheismus*. Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize, for the best composition in English Verse, not containing either more or fewer than fifty lines, is *Palmyra*.

History.—Some very extraordinary documents respecting the latter days of King Charles II. have, it is said, been lately found among the records in the Herald's College.

R. Burns.—To such a length has the mania for the relics of Burns been carried in the neighbourhood of Ayr, that, since the venerable rafters of Alloway Kirk have been metamorphosed into chairs and snuff-boxes, some sacrilegious enthusiasts have actually laid violent hands on the tombstone of the poet's father, which is disappearing by piecemeal.

The Rev. H. Milman has in the press, *The Martyr of Antioch*; a tragic drama.

The new work of the author of *the Hermit in London* is a Tale in 3 vols. entitled "*The Highlanders*."

The new volumes of Horace Walpole's *Remains* are expected to appear in January. They will form the 7th and 8th volumes of his works—the sixth having been lately completed by the publication of the Letters addressed to George Montague, esq. and the Rev. William Cole.

The author of "*The Mystery, or Forty Years Ago*," and of "*Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes*," is about to come forward with a tale entitled "*Lollardy*," founded on the persecutions which marked the opening of the fifteenth century. It comprehends that stormy but interesting period, when the subjects of this country, who presumed to read the Bible in their vernacular tongue, were liable to be hanged as traitors to the king, and burned as heretics to God.

New editions of Mr. Brown's *American Tales*, *Wieland* and *Ormond*, are preparing for publication.

The French government have authorized the publication of a new and less expensive edition of the splendid and important work on Egypt, the result of the observations and researches made in that country during the French expedition. Messrs. Rodwell and Martin, who are appointed agents for the sale in England, have just published a detailed prospectus, to which we invite the attention of the public.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, will shortly publish, in 3 vols., *The Perils of Man; or, War, Women, and Witchcraft*.

Mrs. Opie has in the press, *Madeline*, a Tale, in 2 vols. 12mo.

Viscount D'Arlincourt, the author of *the Recluse*, &c. has returned to Paris, and his new work is preparing for publication. Report assigns various titles to it, the true one is "*Le Renegat*."

A Tale called "*Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk*," has been announced from the same pen which drew so admirable, natural and characteristic a picture of a remote Scottish population in "*The Annals of the Parish*."

The *Monthly Magazine* states, that not more than 12,000 copies of any one of the Scottish novels have been sold in Great Britain.

Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

Steel.—There appears reason to believe from the experiments of J. B. Boussingault, of the French school of mines, that silicium, or the base of silex, is an essential ingredient as carbon in the constitution of steel. It is found in all the varieties; whereas there was one variety in which only a trace of carbon could be perceived.

Arctic Discovery Expeditions.—Letters, dated the 16th of July, have been received from the ships under Captain Parry. They were all well, at Resolution Island, Hudson's Bay, had met with heavy icebergs and much obstruction from the ice, but had surmounted these obstacles, and were pursuing their voyage up the inlet at the north of the bay.—Of Lieutenant Franklin's expedition, it is learned from a gentleman attached thereto, by a letter dated in April last, and written from Fort Enterprise, Lake Winter, which is in the neighbourhood of the Coppermine River, and in the country occupied by the Copper Indians or Redknives, that the party had passed the winter there; during which they enjoyed good health, though they had suffered some inconvenience from the cold, which was so intense, even in the interior of their huts, as to freeze rum a very little below proof. The thermometer suddenly fell to minus 57° Fahrenheit. The party intended to prosecute their journey in June. They have found, from the information of Indians, that the maps hitherto published are not to be depended upon, but Hearne's information to be tolerably accurate. One of the guides was a boy at the time of Hearne's journey, and accompanied the party to the sea.

Easy and entertaining Philosophical Experiments.—Partial flashes of lightning, Aurora Borealis, &c. are to be beautifully exhibited, by taking in a spoon about a dram of the powder or seeds of hycopodium, and throwing it against a candle, all other light being excluded. Powder resin is equally fit for the purpose, but from its adhesive quality sticks to the hand or any thing on which it may fall. A very entertaining sort of coruscation of light is obtained by the use of phosphorised lime. When a small quantity (20 or 30 grains) is thrown into a glass of water, bubbles of gas are successively extracted from it, which, rising to the surface of the water, are inflamed on coming in contact with the air of the atmosphere, producing a flash of bright light. And as a succession of such bubbles is produced, during a considerable time, a repetition of such flashes will be seen.

Poetry.

MILK AND HONEY, OR THE LAND OF PROMISE.

LETTER III.

MISS LYDIA BARROW TO MISS KITTY BROWN.

CONTENTS.

"Moving Accidents by Flood"—Neptune enemy to Female Attire—Castle of Otranto—Guy's Hospital—Mrs. Jordan—Mrs. Monsoon's Boarding-school—Logier's System—Family Pride—Balaam—Monument-yard and Jerusalem—Bonaparte—Hone's Wood-cuts—Major Cartwright and Billy Austin—Ings, the Butcher—His Mode of changing an Administration—Princess in Fleet-street—Habeas, but not Corpus; and why—Parting Benediction.

Oh, Kitty! such bawling, such trampling of decks!
Such tales of sea-monsters, tornadoes, and wrecks!
My puce-colour'd cloak is soak'd through with the rain:
You never would know my green bonnet again;
The silk is all cover'd with spots, and the feather
Flaps down like a lily in boisterous weather:
The lining's not hurt, so I mean to unrip it;
But the surge has quite ruin'd my white-spotted tippet;
And the waves of the ocean, like ill-natured brutes,
Have rotted the fur on my blue leather boots.
In short, what with monsters who haul'd my portmanteau
Ashore, half as big as the man in Otranto;
Grim figures in trowsers, who quiz our noblesse,
And say, when they mean to be certain, they guess;
And inns, where the folks, cheek-by-jowl, close their eyes,
Ten beds in a room, like the patients at Guy's:
I'm like Mrs. Jordan, unable to tell
If I'm dead or alive, Lady Loverule, or Nell!

You and I, arm in arm, ever destined to grapple,
When the school, two by two, walk'd on Sunday to Chapel:
Where I gave a nod to Tom Osborne, and you
A smile to George Hughes, in the opposite pew:
Who in the same keiro-plast play'd the same tunes,
The two aptest scholars, at Mrs. Monsoon's;
Little dreamt of the day when whole mountains should frown
Between Lyddy Barrow and Catherine Brown.

Papa, *entre nous*, rides a hobby, my dear,
That is rather too high to be canter'd on *here*:
How strange in a cit! he has taken a pride
In his family-tree, by the grandmother's side,
And thinks all plain *Misters* should give him a *salam*,
Ever since his late Majesty dubb'd him Sir Balaam.
He proves his ascent, through the Knight who sold soap
Close to Monument-yard, and is mention'd in Pope,
Up to him who a donkey bestrid in Jerusalem;
Then boasts that our house is as old as Methusalem.
Dick calls this "a rum kind of swell in old dad,"
Who turn'd, as Dick calls it, "a regular *Rad*"
Ever since fall of trade to a Clapham cot pinn'd us,
And forced us to send back the carriage to Windus.

In vain I cry "Fiddle de dee;" it will fix
 In his gizzard, and make him as cross as two sticks.
 He now rips up grievances old as Queen Anne,
 And lays all the blame on poor Chancellor Van.
 He buys Bonapartes enamell'd in bone;
 He frames and he glazes the wood-cuts of Hone,
 And hangs them supported by Queen Caroline, or
 Old Cartwright the Major and Austin the Minor:
 Nay, over the mantel-piece what, of all things,
 Do you think he had stuck up?—the portrait of *Ings*,
 The Carnaby hero, who meant to "shew fight,"
 A bag in his left hand, a knife in his right:
 With these he to Cato-street went, being very
 Resolved to decapitate Lord Londonderry.
 How shocking!—Heaven grant that his Majesty may shun
 That method of changing an Administration.

But don't let me lose what I meant to express,
 Before I left England I saw a *Princess*!
 She lodges in Fleet-street, next door to Hone's shop—
 Two lions that make all the passengers stop.
 Papa and "The Ex" think her case very hard;
 Says he to me, "Lyddy, we'll both leave a card;
 Two Kings are her cousins! girl, hold up your neck;
 Depend on it, Lyddy, it's not a bad spec."
 Like a dutiful daughter I *did* depend on it,
 Went up to my bed-room to put on my bonnet,
 And, as the sun promised a morning of dryness,
 I walk'd, without pattens, to wait on her Highness.
 A man oped the door, in a coat which, I think,
 Was dyed, like the rest of the Family's, pink.
 But when Papa ask'd if the Royal Princess
 Was at home, and the Chamberlain answer'd him "Yes,"
 And civilly told us to walk up together,
 A child might have knock'd me down flat with a feather!
 Her Highness, sweet soul! made us sit on two chairs,
 And let us, at once, into all her affairs.
 She told us, her foes held her there by a *capias*,
 She meant, as she told us, to move for her *habeas*,
 But has not—perhaps on account of the *corpus*,
 For her's, *entre nous*, is as big as a porpus.
 She mention'd, with pride, how on last Lord Mayor's-day
 Her countenance drew all the people away;
 But own'd, while they dubb'd her the general charmer,
 It might be because there were no men in armour.

Adieu! royal dame, falsely call'd Mrs. Serres,
 For you and your sire are as like as two cherries;—
 Farewell, injured daughter of Poniatowski,
 You soon should be let out if I held the house-key!

L. B.

LETTER IV.

MR. RICHARD BARROW TO MR. ROBERT BRIGGS.

CONTENTS.

Specimen of FANCY Rhetoric—Slang, like Madeira, improved by Sea Voyage—Atlantic Adventures—Reference to White Bait at Blackwall—Twickenham Steam Vessel—Chelsea Reach—Name objectionable, and why—Thomas Inkle—Disasters of Tacking—Swan with Two Necks; Lad with One—Sabrina—Latin and Commodore Rogers—Lydia and Don Juan—Sandy Hook—Action at Law—Spick and another, versus Barrow the Younger—Coronation at both Houses—President Adams—Tea and turn out.

HERE I am: right and tight, Bob; *pull'd up* at New York,
 As brisk as a bee, and as light as a cork:
 Though half the *pool* over I lay like a log,
 Quite *flabber-de-gasky'd*, as sick as a dog!
 How odd! for you know I ail'd nothing at all,
 When, to *grub* upon white bait, we row'd to Blackwall:
 'Tis true, I wax'd *rum*, on returning by Greenwich,
 But that was because I had eat too much spinage.
 When we *steam'd* it to Twick'nam, I stuck like a leech
 To the deck, till the vessel approach'd Chelsea Reach;
 There, I own, I was seiz'd with a qualm and a hiccup,
 And felt in my *Victualling-office* a kick-up:
 All along of the place: Chelsea Reach? a vile name!
 Columbus himself would have felt just the same.
 But, Zounds! Bob, the Thames cannot give you a notion
 "Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean."
 (Mem. that's a quotation; and serves for a sprinkle
 Of learning: like Sabby: I stole it from Inkle.)
 The first thing that posed me was, when I should bob,
 To hinder the gib-boom from scuttling my nob.
 How to hit the thing right was the devil's own poser,
 Three times had the end of it tipp'd me a *noser*.
 The *flat* of a steersman sung out—"Helm a lee!"
 Round swung the long pole, made no bones of poor me,
 And sent my hat flying a mile out to sea.
 My stars! how my *knowledge-box* whizz'd round about!
 In short, my dear Bob, 'twas a proper *serve-out*.
 I hav'n't scored up such a pelt on the brain,
 Since, on a stage top, I was *had* in Lad-lane;
 Where, if you don't duck, when the turn you approach,
 So low is the gateway, so high is the coach,
 You'll add, before *coachee* his vehicle checks,
 The lad with no head to the Swan with two Necks.
 I since wore a cap, made of sealskin and leather,
 Which seems to cry *Noli-me-tan* to the weather.
 I civilly spoke to the Captain my wish
 For a rod, hook, and line, to astonish the fish;
 I got 'em and bobb'd: had a bite from a shark:
 But the double-tooth'd *cull* was not *up to the mark*:
 Again I gave bait, on a hook worse for wearing,
 And caught—damn the *hoaxers*—a salted red herring:
 The sailors, like *spoonies*, all laugh'd at the trick,
 And nick-named me Lubber and Salt-water Dick.
 Sabrina kept stalking the deck in all weathers,
 In purple pellisse, a Leghorn hat and feathers,
 She now and then puzzled, with Latin, the codgers,
 Which sounded like Hebrew to Commodore Rodgers.

She muttered "O navis : infelix puella,"
 And cried, when it blew, "aquilone procella."
 Old dad braved the spray of the sea like a *new one* !
 While Lyd, in the cabin, was reading Don Juan.
 A boy on the top-mast, who kept a sharp look-out,
 Now, from his *potatoe-trap*, bawl'd "Sandy hook" out,
 Two words that we English did not understand,
 But I guess "Sandy hook" is the Yankee for "Land ;"
 For while we were wondering what he could say,
 The pilot had floated us into the Bay.

Lord ! who would have thought to have seen Dicky Barrow
 Quit Chancery-lane for the Land of Pizarro.
 You and I were the *prime* ones :--the Fives-court, the Lobby,
 Were all *Betty Martin* without Dick and Bobby.
 Dad show'd himself up, for a rank *Johnny-Raw*,
 In binding me 'prentice to follow the law.
 You know'd, Bob, I scorn'd such a *spooney* to be
 As to follow the law, so the law follow'd me.
 Spick and Span were my *Schneiders* : dead hits at a button ;
 At running a bill up they found me a glutton ;
 Spick call'd : not at home ; and I told Mugs, my man,
 To *bounce* when he call'd again : ditto to Span.
 I thought they'd have stood it : the devil a bit :
 They *bolted a Davy*, and took out a writ,
 Nunky *finch'd* : it was no use applying to him ;
 So, finding the *stumpy* decidedly slim,
 I thought it was best to be *offish* with dad,
 And show that Dick Barrow was not to be *had*.

Now do, there's a dear, draw a quill upon paper,
 And tell us the news.—Is the *needful* still *taper* ?
 Kean bolted off here in a huff : does he *bring*,
 Like Harris's Empress and Elliston's King ?
 Or, are you still dosed with stars, ribands, and garters,
 Cars, cream-colour'd horses, poles, platforms, and Tartars ?
 We can't *come it* here like your Viscounts and Madams
 At Westminster Abbey : our President Adams
 To sport a procession has no hidden hoards,
 I reckon he'd cut a *shy show* on the *boards*.
 When guests tuck their *trotters* beneath his *mahogany*,
 Short *bite* for Jonathan : if for good *prog* any
 Visiter gapes, why the bigger *flat* he :
 The President *comes down* with nothing but *tea* :
 For which, if the *Yankees* know what they're about,
 They'll treat him, next *Caucus*, with *tea* and *turn out*.
 But pen cries peccavi, and paper is narrow,
 So, Bob, I'm your *humble cum dumble*,

R. BARROW.